

The Evening World

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RALPH PULITZER, President, 33 Park Row.
JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 33 Park Row.

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FEED AMERICA FIRST.

WAR price wheat scores new high records daily. Two dollar wheat is already talked of as a grim possibility. The price of white flour to the baker has risen from \$4.25 to \$7.75 a barrel. New York is notified that before the end of the week it may expect six-cent bread. All over the country bakers are issuing warnings that either the loaf must shrink or the price increase.

Meanwhile wheat goes to Europe at the rate of from 1,000,000 to 2,000,000 bushels a day. Chicago grain speculators figure the "killings" they can make by cornering what is left.

Where is all this to end? Is mere "watchful waiting" on the part of the Government, "watchfulness" on the part of District Attorneys here and there, going to avert the dire consequences of a bread famine? If an embargo on foodstuffs is the only thing that will save the people of the United States not only from losing all benefit of last year's huge wheat crop but from actual starvation prices, then why doesn't the Government take prompt action to safeguard the country's chief food staple? Can the nation not expect of Congress sufficient grasp of the situation, sufficient foresight to come to the rescue?

America raised the wheat. Feed America first.

General Manager Huff of the B. R. T. testifies that he can pack forty-two standees in a surface car. No wonder the B. R. T. made him Vice President! Also Slaughter is his first name.

CHARITY ON A BUSINESS BASIS.

IT is related that one day Col. James Fisk and Jay Gould were walking along Eighth Avenue toward their offices in the Grand Opera House Building, at Twenty-third Street, when a man stepped up and asked them for some money. Mr. Gould pulled out a roll of greenbacks and began to search for a dollar bill, when the Colonel grabbed the roll and handed it to the wayfarer, saying: "Jay, never count charity."

Among the day's doings the report of the Charity Organization Society excites considerable comment because it appears that for every dollar it distributes to deserving persons the Society requires \$1.50 to get the distributing properly done.

The Society explains with great care and particularity that it does count its charitable efforts, that it endeavors to inculcate thrift, stimulate a desire for better living and help the recipient of charity to lift himself out of the dependent class. All this, it is pointed out, takes time and money.

This explanation is in no way unreasonable. Overhead is the great tax in all business. If charity aims to be business-like it cannot escape such a charge. In all sound business it is the rule to reckon from 125 to 150 per cent. for overhead. This means that where a workman receives \$1.00 for turning out a given product the consumer pays \$1.50 in addition for rent, light, heat, maintenance, designing and supervision.

Charity when placed on a systematic basis has to bear a similar load. It would be hard to devise any way to throw it off other than to hand out as Col. Fisk urged "without counting."

There is no harm in giving liberally. On the other hand, it is plain that, without some check, some organized control, it is only too easy to encourage a chronic pauperism that becomes an appalling burden upon the community. The records of charity work in New York City show a deplorable number of persons who readily slip into the habit of counting on aid to save them from the consequences of their own shiftlessness.

Speaking of Billy Sunday, the Evening Post's correspondent writes: "When he talked to the 'society folks' he told them a little story out of Henry Van Dyke. He adapts himself to all sorts and kinds of audiences." And maybe flatters 'em a little?

THE CORPORATION CODDLER.

AMAZING notions entertained by the Public Service Commission of the First District as to its duties toward the public that created it and pays the \$15,000 salaries of its members continue to shine forth.

From the testimony of the Commission's Secretary before the Legislative Investigating Committee it appears that not only did the Commission pigeon-hole complaints and complacently ignore repeated violations of its "orders" on the part of public service corporations, but that it actually warned its own servants to be less "vigorous" in their treatment of remiss companies!

The people of New York thought they had set up a champion and protector of their interests. Now they find they have spent millions to maintain a board whose first thought has been to keep the corporations happy.

It was Indigo Monday.

Hits From Sharp Wits.

It's a good thing that nature can't be changed. There are people who would make a mess of it if they had a chance.

Anybody who proposes a marriage reform law is married.—Toledo Blade.

We hammer on wheels in the work of building up home industries.—Baltimore American.

The dollar that one unexpectedly gets is only a dollar, but the one that you want a ride in is worth a lot more.—Chicago News.

Can You Beat It?

By Maurice Ketten



The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

"FOR the last time, take him out before I shoot!" cried Gus, and he reached for the fire extinguisher.

Covered with copper pennies till he looked like a coppersmith, the penniless post, stepped back in alarm and Mr. Jarr, also realizing that now was the time to retreat before the allies overwhelmed them—for Hangle, Slavinsky and all the rest were grabbing every portable object in the cafe—beckoned to Dinkston to retreat.

And the two hurriedly withdrew in good order, Dinkston's hand encountering the bolt and chain on the side door and giving off a last electrical display in the shape of a green glaring stare as when a trolley wheel "arcs" against the feed wire in sleazy weather.

There was no place to take Dinkston (who was now complaining his voltage was running low because several of the pennies sticking to him slipped an inch or so) but home. Mr. Jarr walked ahead through the crowd that had gathered, shouting "Hands off! Danger!" And so they made their way into Mr. Jarr's domicile unmolested, the crowd parting to let Dinkston pass at a safe distance.

"It's the first time I ever was a live wire!" murmured the post. "And now I realize the pride one feels when one realizes one can electrify the crowd!"

"You'll be lucky if we are not arrested for stealing electricity," growled Mr. Jarr. "And before you come up into my flat I want you to grab hold of this hall radiator and get rid of some more of that electricity you are packing around. Do you think I'm going to take home a man whose conduct will shock my wife and little ones?"

And to oblige Mr. Jarr he drew off about a thousand watts. But for pride's sake he held out sufficient electrical attraction to hold on to the pennies.

Mr. Jarr, who had returned before them, admitted them in a silence that could be felt. She led them into the front room, giving orders down the private hall to Gertrude to keep the children away. And then she said to Mr. Jarr, for Dinkston never got blamed for anything—"Well, sir, what have you to say?"

"What have I to say?" repeated Mr. Jarr. "Why, what oration am I expected to deliver?"

Poor Mr. Jarr Is Blameless, as Usual; But That's All the Good It Does Him.

turn. "Goodness gracious! What DIDN'T happen!"

"Well, I have nothing to do with it, but please leave me out of your dreadful carryings on next time!" snapped Mrs. Jarr. And then she abruptly turned and asked Dinkston if he would care to have a cup of tea.

Mr. Dinkston murmured politely. "Oh, not in the least, thank you!" And he then gazed sadly at Mr. Jarr as though trying to figure out if it would not be best to withdraw his moral support from him.

"And what are you doing with all those pennies stuck all over you?" asked Mrs. Jarr, sharply, of Dinkston.

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Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

By Helen Rowland

MY Daughter, an Eskimo may read of sunstrokes and a Hottest of icebergs, yet what shall they KNOW of them? For in matters of climate, as in matters of love, an ounce of experience is worth a bushel of theories.

Now a Damsel of Gomorrah came unto me, saying: "Lo, I am only a Debutante, yet am I exceeding 'wise,' for I have read everything that hath ever been written concerning MEN."

"Yes, from Elinor Glyn to Eugene Brieux, from Laura Jean Libbey to Emerson, have I studied them, and there is not one thing concerning them that I have not set down in my note book and learned by heart."

"Behold, I have their 'Number!'"

"And from what they have taught me themselves I have discovered: 'That all men admire a sweet and simple maiden and that artificiality is their abomination!'"

"That rice powder and peroxide and beauty patches and French beads receive only their contempt; that lip rouge and eyebrow pencils cause them to turn away their faces in shame and sorrow, but SHINING clothes are their delight."

"Likewise that every man yearneth for a damsel who can TALK to him intelligently of those things in which he is interested."

"And that forwardness shocketh him, but a DISCREET damsel is soon wedded!"

And it came to pass, after many days, that the maiden came unto me again and besought me, saying:

"Alas, alas, why didst thou not put me wise? For thou knewest that I had the WRONG dope!"

"Behold, all my blushes are wasted, and when I open my mouth to speak wisdom men SHY thereat and are exceedingly frightened."

"Yes, after the FIRST waits every man departeth to fox-trot with a chemical blonde who resembleth a drug store advertisement and, tereth nothing but nonsense."

"Lo, I am not IN IT!"

And I comforted her, saying: "Go forth, my Daughter, and in time thou shalt learn what no book shall ever tell thee:

"That a man 'admireth' one kind of woman—and pursueth another kind."

"That he 'respecteth' a Priscilla—but courteth a Delilah."

"That he dreameth of a soulmate—but danceth with a butterfly."

"That he spendeth his days in sighing for the 'right woman' and in flirting with the wrong one."

"And WHY this is no one, save the Lord who made him THAT WAY, knoweth."

"For in matters of business it is difficult to make a fool of a man, but in matters of love he rejoiceth to make a fool of HIMSELF!"

Selah.

Furnishing the Bed

MOST of our shops are now featuring cotton displays; and it is not surprising that these materials have become popular in home furnishings. "Housewives and brides-to-be" are, therefore, taking advantage of the bargains and at the same time furthering a good cause.

In bedding, as in everything else, there are prescribed fashions. Pillow shams are obsolete and the roll is passe. Pretty pillow cases are the decried mode. It is advisable to have day and night cases. The latter can be less elaborate in embroidery or have merely a hemstitching.

Embossed upper sheets are now generally used, the number of their appearance as saleswomen how much they give a pleasing touch to the bed. Other sheets are hemstitched and have the embroidered monogram at center of hem.

The bedspread is a matter of concern to the woman of artistic taste. It should be pretty and dainty and yet washable. With the favor shown

by fashion to sheer dress fabrics, especially organdy, during the summer it is not surprising that these materials have become popular in home furnishings. "Housewives and brides-to-be" are, therefore, taking advantage of the bargains and at the same time furthering a good cause.

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